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“out”—those ghosts of realities that have been the terror of philosophers in all ages, standing forever there, dumb, silent, stolid as the sphinx, a perpetual defiance to the most royal heads that have ever entered the temple; but which, when approached more closely, are found to be naught but harmless ghosts and shadows—mere skeleton negations of the living realities.

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## A POPULAR STATEMENT OF IDEALISM.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

### II.

In Goethe's tragedy, after Faust has pronounced his successive curses on ambition, mammon, hope, faith, and patience, the chorus of spirits laments:

“Woe! woe!  
Thou hast it destroyed,  
The beautiful world.”

They will not, however, give him over to despair, and turn upon him with divine cheer:

“Mightier  
For the children of men,  
Brightlier  
Build it again  
In thine own bosom, build it anew!”

It would be straining a comparison to say that we shall now attempt to do for the sensible world what Faust was summoned to do for the world of human aims and passions, which he had so rudely destroyed. For, in truth, the idealist has not destroyed the sensible world, nor sought to, but only the notion, so sedulously cherished by many, of its separateness from ourselves. And, if he had destroyed it, it would be quite beyond his power to build it again. For we do not create our sensations, nor can we. We do not think of color, and then by an act of will make it stand before our eyes. We cannot conjure up harmonies of sound and then

actually hear them. Our sensations come, we know not how nor whence; our sole knowledge is that they are, in a very limited way, subject to our control. They come in order: but I, save within certain limits, do not determine that order, and cannot determine it; I have simply to recognize and accept it, as I do the sensations themselves. In proposing a work of reconstruction, then, the idealist has no notion of evolving the world out of his own thought, or inner consciousness, so called. He wishes simply to show that his demolition of the external world has been only a demolition of a wrong opinion of it, and that a *real external world* is just as truly his property as any one's; that the words "real" and "external" are as significant to him as to any one, and this without forgetting for a moment the result of his first analysis, that the whole sensible world is nothing and means nothing outside of human (or other sentient) consciousness. Let us proceed to this task:

In a way that we have acknowledged to be altogether mysterious, we experience certain sensations. These sensations do not suggest the notion of reality, they do not lead us to *infer* something behind them that we may call by this name; they *are* reality.<sup>1</sup> A color as such, a resistance as such, is real, just as a pain is; there is nothing to us human beings that can be more real; and, in fact, our very notions of reality are not prior to, but are based upon, these simple and direct sensible experiences. Where these sensations are to be located, how they are to be connected, what is their place in a final system of thought—these are other questions; the sensations themselves are nowise problematical or derived, but the data and material, with the immediate and unquestioning acceptance of which every process of reasoning must begin. Moreover, these sensations do not come at hap-hazard. As we have already said, they do not (save within limits) obey our direction, either in the time and place of their arising, nor in their manner of succeeding one another. Though *our* experiences, they

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<sup>1</sup> Professor Huxley says this of odor: "To say that I am aware of this phenomenon, or that I have it, or that it exists, are simply different modes of affirming the same facts. If I am asked how I know that it exists, I can only reply that its existence and my knowledge of it are one and the same thing; in short, that my knowledge is immediate or intuitive, and, as such, possessed of the highest conceivable degree of certainty." ("Science and Culture," p. 258.) The idealist simply conceives that this is the manner of existence of all sensible phenomena.

are in another sense independent of us—that is, independent of our wishes or will. We have to *learn* of them, as truly as if they were alien existences having no kind of relation to ourselves. And we do soon learn that they are associated with or succeed one another in regular or fixed ways; and hence a world, a cosmos as opposed to a chaos, evolves itself out of our experiences. The groups of associated sensations we call objects, the difficulty of distinguishing the same being simply that of discovering which out of the numberless sensations thronging upon us are really associated. The uniformities of succession among sensations or phenomena we call laws, the exact marking of which is a still more intricate and difficult task. It may perhaps be unfortunate that we have no other word than law to designate a uniformity of succession, since in politics and ethics (not to say religion), where the word was perhaps first used, it has quite a different meaning.<sup>1</sup> But if the scientific use of it is defined, as it ordinarily is by physical investigators, there is no need of our being confused by it, though the inferences not infrequently made from the laws of nature to a law-giver show that this confusion often exists.

One of these groups of sensations is our own body. It is true that all phenomena are our own according to the idealistic hypothesis—a stone, or a tree, or a star equally with the body. But there are reasons for calling the latter specially our own. *First*, we have a double set of sensations in connection with our body. When I strike my face with my hand, I experience not only a sensation of resistance in my hand, but also one in my face. When, however, I strike the stone, I have but a single sensation, viz., in my hand. The assertion may be ventured that if the stone, on being struck, gave us a sensation as our own face does when struck, we should, though quite perplexed and mystified, feel that in some way it was a part of us. It may be questioned, indeed, whether our own body does not *mean* so much of the sensible

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<sup>1</sup> A law in politics or ethics, it hardly needs saying, prescribes what men are to do or ought to do; a law in physics, and natural science generally, is simply a statement of actual facts. The laws of the State and of morality are frequently disobeyed; those of physics can never be in the slightest degree, though one may modify the action of another. In fact, obedience and disobedience are misleading terms in the physical sphere. Bodies do not fall *because* of the law of gravitation, but the law of gravitation is simply a statement of the general fact that they do fall. See a clear statement in Professor Huxley's "Introductory Primer," p. 13.

world as yields these double sensations. *A second reason* is that, with these sensations we call our body, is connected our general power of sensation. We are not so dependent on the stone, or tree, or star; if any particular one of these were removed or destroyed, we could see and feel quite as well as before. But if the minor group of sensations I call my ear is removed, I no longer hear; if my eyes are plucked out, I no longer see. Yes, though the external organs remain uninjured, if but those delicate fibres connecting them with the brain be destroyed or only severed, I no longer hear or see; and if that group of sensations we call the brain exists no longer, not only hearing and sight vanish, but all power of thought (so far as we know) vanishes too. The light of a candle may be snuffed out and the candle be lit again. The snuffed-out-light of human life and thought is, humanly speaking, incapable of restoration. As Othello says, in the last fateful scene with the sleeping Desdemona:

“Put out the light—and then put out thy light:  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can thy former light restore,  
 Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat  
 That can thy light relume.”

In this way is it possible for the idealist to do ample justice to those common-sense notions of the dependence of the mind upon the body, which he may seem to make light of. The mind *is* dependent on the body in the sense that our general power of sensation and thought is connected with those sensations we call our body. Why this should be so is quite mysterious. Neither physics, nor physiology, nor psychology explains it, though either may give us a most careful and detailed statement of the facts to be explained. Why my power of perceiving colors should be linked with the particular group of sensations I call my eye, I utterly fail to understand. Why it should not be equally well linked with some other group or with no group at all, and I thus be but mind with no bodily organism whatever, I cannot in any way see. But it is enough for the practical uses of life, and enough for science, that does not concern itself about ultimate

questions, to recognize that there is this connection. And, further, it must be stated that we have no proof that any other connection—not to say the absence of all connection—is or ever has been actual, so that the notion of pure mind or spirit may be, for all we know, an entirely vain one, though it must be recognized as abstractly possible.

It would, however, be a totally unwarranted leap to infer from all this that the organs of sense are anywise causally related to sensations, or that the body in general is to the mind. It would be, indeed, forgetting that the organs of sense, as so many groups of sensible phenomena themselves, only exist in the mind, and that the body is simply a part of our mental experience. My body is not a cause, but a sign of my mental existence—a sign, that is, to some one else, or to myself, if I could need one. If I should become blind, the condition of my visual organs would not be properly explanatory, but simply *indicatory* to another of the fact, and it would be indicatory to me if I could need any proof of that which I already know. So death as a physical fact cannot be seriously called an explanation of the cessation of mental activity, though the two, for all we know, may be inseparably connected. Death as a series of sensible phenomena can only exist in some one's mental apprehension; when my own time comes, for example, it will be simply a *sign* to some one else of the cessation of my mental life, and might be an equally significant sign to myself if I could die and observe my dying at the same time. For, if no one is present or observes me, there would be no physical death, properly speaking, but simply the inexplicable fact of my ceasing to feel and think. And fundamentally mysterious is, in the same manner, man's birth, and, indeed, all the stages of his earthly existence. Explanation is there for none of them; the fancied explanations and causes of which men speak in the sphere of sensible phenomena are but man's own experiences, and, so far from their explaining man, man is necessary to explain them. What in turn explains man is the world-riddle.

Nor is science anywise inconsistent with such a view. The results of physical science, of physiology, and even of physiological psychology, are the same on any theory. They all have to do with mental experiences, according to the idealist. He will not care to interpose a word, save when the physical or physiological

investigator talks of objects literally<sup>1</sup> outside the mind, or uses such objects to explain the mind, or considers laws to signify more than matter-of-fact connections, or uses necessity in a sense which Professor Huxley emphatically repudiates.<sup>2</sup> Idealism is not a question of any special science, but relates to a general understanding of all the sciences. And, as here considered, it must not be identified with *a priori* systems of thought, with transcendentalism or intuitionism, as those words are frequently understood. It is nowise inconsistent with the view that all our knowledge of the sensible world is gained by experience, that is, with pure empiricism. In fact, idealism may claim to have a special affinity with the spirit and methods of modern science, since science, too, calls for experience and does not concern itself about matters that lie beyond experience. If any object cannot actually or conceivably be brought within the range of sensible experience, it is as good as non-existent to the scientific investigator. And this may be said without implying that the scientific investigator may not forget his special, and, after all, rather limited rôle, and, as a human being, conjecture and speculate and hope and believe like the rest of mankind.

Let us now consider briefly the meaning of the externality of the world. The externality of one's own body means very little, unless the thought is that one's body is not a mere idea, but a real group of sensations. For that our body is literally external to ourselves has meaning, only if "ourselves" has some position, relatively to which the body is external. But, as we have seen, there is no warrant for such an assertion, "ourselves" being simply that to which the body and all sensible objects exist and have meaning. But few are concerned about so awkward and doubtful a conception as the externality of our own body, and that about which we are concerned—the reality of the world *external to our body*—the idealist may assert as unhesitatingly as the most vigorous common sense. And this is the interpretation he puts upon the common-sense assertions of a world *outside of ourselves*: viz., it is *outside our body*. The ellipsis is easily explicable, since our body is "ourselves" in a sense that

<sup>1</sup> Properly the language is perfectly allowable, as will be explained farther on.

<sup>2</sup> "Lay Sermons," p. 144.

no other group of phenomena is, as before explained. And why should we not as immediately know a world external to the body as the body itself? The hardness of the ground I may know just as immediately as that of my cranium. The color of another's eye I can note even more easily than that of my own. The external world is not to be called an inference. Such a way of speaking rests on misconceptions which it has been the endeavor of this essay to clear up. Neither common sense nor genuine philosophy countenances it. It is half-enlightenment. The whole sensible world, the ground as well as the human body that stands upon it, the air as well as the lungs, and the heavens as well as the earth—all is equally real and known with equal immediateness; that is, it is real, viewed as the real experience of some sentient subject, and unreal, and the whole equally unreal, if regarded as a self-subsisting thing, apart from some sentient subject. Hence the renewed necessity for asserting the purely provisional character of the language used in the earlier part of this essay. The external world is not, in any strictness, simply certain mysterious entities in the brain, at the other end of complicated nerve processes. If so pitiable a reduction were made of this vast and splendid spectacle about us, the idealist could hardly receive or merit the serious attention of his fellow-men. The world is as great—yes, possibly as infinite—in extent and duration to the idealist as to any one; for it is not merely what we experience, but all we can experience and all that we can conceive that we might experience, if there were no limits to our powers. In fact, a limitless experience would be but another name for a limitless world. And the so-called “mysterious entities” in the brain, it had better be acknowledged, are a fiction. Physiology can get along well enough without them, and the true office of physiology is not to discover for us the causes of sensations, but to investigate a certain group of sensations—viz., those that make up what we call our bodily organisms. Indeed, in the idealistic theory, all the sciences become, in some sense, branches of *psychology*, and it may be questioned whether there can be any separate science bearing that name. If there is to be, it must be either an account of each individual's own mental experiences (or world), or of general human powers of sensation and thought, as opposed to the *content* or *objects* with which they are concerned. For the distinc-



tion between subject and object is valid to the idealist, as it must be to every one who thinks.

A color is not, strictly speaking, ourselves, nor is an odor or a resistance. They are what we experience, and the full statements would be, we perceive the color, and scent the odor, and feel the resistance. It is even possible to realize at times that the pain which we may experience is not strictly ourselves, but that under which we suffer, though pains and pleasures are not shapeable into definite objects as other sensations are. The idealist only insists that the object shall not be separated from the subject and treated as if it were a thing in itself. We are all aware of how the moonbeams seem to follow us as we go along a stream of water on a bright moonlit night. According to the idealist—and here according to the ordinary teaching of the physicist as well—they *do* follow us, and, as rays of light have no existence apart from us, the idealist simply adding that this is true in respect to all material existence. But, for all this, the moonbeams are not ourselves, and sensible phenomena in general (nor the whole sum of them) are not ourselves, though it may be, for all we know, that we can have no existence apart from them any more than they from us. *Sensibile* is perhaps a good, if a rather scholastic word, for a sensation viewed on its objective side; for meaning, as it does, *that which may be perceived or felt*, it immediately suggests *that which perceives or feels*—viz., the subject, which alone is *sentiens*. Subject and object so taken are evidently not inferences from sensation, but analytical statements of what sensation implies. Neither is substance, or some unknowable entity behind the sensation, the one being simply that which knows and the other that which is known. For the sake of the utmost clearness, it might have been better to use the word *sensibilia* in this discussion wherever sensations have been conceived in the objective sense; since sound, color, weight, etc., are not sensations in the sense of being themselves sentient or of implying a sentient subject behind them, save in the case of those groups of *sensations* we call other human beings (or animals of the lower sentient creation generally); more accurately speaking, they are the content or object of sensations. Hence, it could be said, as it was (in effect) earlier in this paper, that our own sensations never reveal to us sensations in another. Our own sensations

have for their content or object simply material qualities. The sensations of others are not a matter of observation, but of inference, and exist only to our imagination or thought. The different meanings of words have in general to be intrusted to the intelligence of the reader, unless a scholastic precision of statement is attempted. And, moreover, the purpose of this paper has not been to build up a complete theory of existence, but simply to bring out the subjective references of phenomena, of which we are ordinarily unmindful. *Sensibilia* excellently combines both the objective and subjective meanings of material phenomena—objective in that they are objects to the mind, and not the mind itself, subjective in that they imply the mind to which they exist.

And yet a consequence of idealism must now be more distinctly considered, which may seem almost to cancel the merit of the reconstructive efforts we have been making. Reality, save in the transcendental sense, being placed in our experience and not in something apart from experience, what can be said of objects when we do not experience them? A rather awkward phrase has already been used now and then—possible sensation. It can hardly be defined save by showing how the idealist is led, and even compelled, to use it. An odor that we scent is real, it is real in our sensation of it; what, then, is it when we do not scent it? Plainly, we can only answer, a possible sensation or reality. And we may accustom ourselves to this view of odors, and, perhaps, sounds, without much difficulty, but it seems almost impossible to realize it in connection with colors and resistances. Can it be, we ask, that the grass is only green when we look at it, and the ground only hard when we tread upon it? Look at the grass as often as we like, and turn upon it as stealthy glances as we can, it always has this color. But, in this very simple illustration, is it not possible that we can discover our real meaning in calling it always green? How do we know it to be so, when we do not look at it? Surely, we do not. But this we know, that, look at it as often as we like, we find it so; it was so this morning, and is this afternoon, and will be, we are sure, to-morrow and next day, and so on, as long as the summer lasts, and we may run back with equal confidence in the past. How, then, can we better express our confidence that these sensations are so continuously possible than by saying the grass is always green, and, since

it is so independently of our will, it is so quite apart from ourselves? This is simply popular language, by no means misleading or untrue. It is only when put to exact philosophical uses and made to mean that color is independent of our sensations that the idealist cares to interpose; and here let us renew a statement already in substance made, that it is not his object to deny any of the common convictions of men so much as to show what they really are—that is, how they arose and what they mean. “The ground is always hard” means, also, that we have always found it so, and believe we always shall find it so, and, as we can easily in thought go beyond the limits of our own lives, that this will be the experience of men in the future, whether after fifty or five hundred years. Similarly, we may go out in space and say that distant objects are hard, having the same confidence as to the moon’s surface that we have as to the top brick of a neighboring chimney—meaning in both cases not that they are so irrespective of ourselves or any sentient being, but simply that, if we go near enough, we shall find them so. The world thus means an order of possible (rather than actual) sensations, stretching out in space and backward and forward in time.<sup>1</sup>

Does, then, the world, as more than the limited number of our actual sensations, exist only to our imagination or thought? Yes, though with a decided difference from many of our imaginations and thoughts, which cannot be confirmed by real experience. The scientific imagination is no more an arbitrary thing than sensation. I can indeed fancy what I like, can think of trees with their roots in the air, of horses with ten legs, etc., but scientific imagination is that which limits itself, viz., to real-possibilities of sensation, and simply presents to us a large and flowing picture of these possibilities. And imagination may present us with sensations that were possible at a time when no sentient being actually existed, and hence never were actual sensations; for example, the appearance of the earth in the earliest geological epochs. Yes, the steps antecedent to the separate existence of the earth, passing along which the scientific imagination rises to the thought of an original fiery mist or nebula, are but the stages of a possible ex-

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<sup>1</sup> No realistic view of space or time is here necessarily implied. Space and time may be simply abstractions from our sensible experience, so far as the necessities of idealism are concerned. Whether they are so is a question that does not now concern us.

perience, which we might think of ourselves as having, though in fact no sentient beings, of the kind that we know, could possibly have existed then. And the conversion of the nebular hypothesis into an assured knowledge (if that were possible) would not be due to a leap from ourselves out into "reality," so called, but to an ascertaining that what we before *conjectured* as a possible experience we now somehow *know* to have been a possible experience, and the only possible one. Once with the notion of fixedness in my present possibilities of experience, I can, as I do, unhesitatingly extend it to all past time as well as to the most distant space. Idealism introduces not one particle of uncertainty or variability into the whole realm with which science deals.<sup>1</sup> So imagination may present us with the supposed waves of the ethereal medium, with the molecules and atoms out of which the world is believed to be constructed, and with the particles of our own brains, which could indeed become actual sensations (to ourselves or any one else) only at the risk of all further power of sensation on our part.

Are, then, all these objects that exist to our imagination not *real* objects? Is the brain of each one of us but a thought? and was the earth, antecedent to the appearance of sentient beings upon it, but a possibility and not a reality? An inquiry might indeed be made as to the final meaning of reality. But, adhering to the ordinary notion of it as something possessed of sensible qualities, there is no way of escape for the idealist; he must give an affirmative answer. The brain has a gray color only when some one sees it, and its varied texture means nothing save in some one's experience. The earth, as a combination of sensible qualities and objects, began with the first sentient existence upon it. The brains of all of us living men exist only to our imagination, and so does the presentient globe. Flowers have no sweetness to waste on the desert air. The violets I may find on a lonely ramble in the woods, and which I am sure no one saw be-

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<sup>1</sup> Though, of course, knowledge attaches only to the experience of the moment, and memory, like expectation, is a kind of belief, there is a clear line of distinction between beliefs with regard to what were (or might have been, or may become) matters of experience and those relating to matters of which there can be, in the present state of our faculties, no possible experience—*e. g.*, the whole sphere of the supersensible. The former are scientific, the latter speculative beliefs.

fore me, did not exist as violets till I found them. What gives them to me I know not, though they are gifts, and imply a giver, as well as a receiver. I do not create them by my coming upon them, and I could not, if I would, change them at will, turning them into daisies or roses. And I might have found them an hour, or a day, or perhaps a week before. And this continual possibility of experience I picture under the form of their actual existence all this time. And so may I picture my own brain, or the earth long before man or any sentient creature appeared on it. These are all true pictures, for they are pictures of what we might have experienced; but they are only pictures, and have no meaning apart from those who sketch or contemplate them. Still, if there is or was no actual experience, there is or was no reality, (save in the transcendental sense of that word).

The reader, who, whether a philosopher or not, is sure that he is not at least lacking in common sense, will perhaps turn from such a conclusion in disgust. And though the idealist is very loth to part company with common sense, since he conceives it his duty to interpret and not to contradict the common opinions of mankind—and knows that he has no other instrument for his conclusions than men in general have for theirs, namely, human reason, and that a real contradiction would logically necessitate skepticism;—yet, as simple matter of psychological fact, he may admit for himself that it is no easy thing to bear his theory always in mind. Idealism is not what he naturally and habitually thinks; it is the result of analysis and reflection, and implies an open-mindedness and a patience and a determination to think that are not with us as a gift of nature, and are rarely used by us save to reach some tangible or practical goal. Philosophy may be acknowledged to be not unlike ethics in that it holds before us not so much what is (in our thoughts), as what ought to be. We know in our moments of moral seriousness what we ought to do, yet in the stress and struggle of life we may often forget the moral ideal, and even seek to excuse and justify our conduct, whatever it be. So in an hour of philosophical reflection we may clearly see that the world about us, “all the choir of heaven and the furniture of the earth” (to quote from Bishop Berkeley), are but our sensations, and no more separate from us than our triumphs or our pains; that the world is our world, and that its greatness, instead of belittling us,

is in one sense our own greatness ; and yet in our ordinary work-a-day existence forget the philosophical truth, become unaware of the significance of our intellectual being, divide ourselves into mind and body, contrast the world within with the world without, sensation and reality, and become hardened and stiffened in all the customary abstractions, which, no doubt, serve a purpose, else they would not be made, but are, after all, but a kind of working armor for this earthly life, and have no fixedness or finality to the mind within. It is the mind that has made these abstractions, and the mind can unmake them, or, what is the same, transcend them. It can, in times not of aberration or affectation of transcendental insights, but of simply genuine thinking, throw off the armor and breathe free. And philosophy is injured no more than ethics by allowing that we do not always heed its demands. It is enough that when we think we know it to be true, as it is enough that, when our moral nature rises from its sleep, we know that the good and the just are intrinsically binding upon us.

And yet there is such a thing as intellectual seriousness. A genuine moral seriousness will not allow us to think of the good as simply a fair ideal which we may now and then recall only for the sake of a kind of æsthetic satisfaction ; it makes us set our hearts upon the ideal, and turn life into a prolonged endeavor to realize its requirements. So intellectual seriousness is not consistent with a recognition of truth at one moment and the next forgetting it, not to say contradicting it ; an effort must at least be made to bring the truth of philosophy into our habitual thoughts. And the objection cannot be allowed to be valid, that idealism will do as a theory for the closet, but not for the street and practical life. Because a headache is a sensation, I need become no less wary in guarding against it by proper exercise and diet. Because a resistance is only a sensation, it is none the less real, and I may be none the less on the lookout that I do not experience it too forcibly ; for there are signs which tell me of its approach as truly as there are symptoms of a headache. What difference can it make to me whether the pavement *is* always hard or not, so long as I always *find* it so, and am sure I always shall ? Expectation may be so vivid and confident as to amount to knowledge. Are we indeed practically concerned with the qualities of bodies save as we believe we may experience them ?

Why should I fear a falling stone more than a falling feather, save as I know that a very recognizable sensation will come from the one that will not come from the other? And even if this were otherwise, the true and philosophical way to meet idealism would not be by exposing the practical absurdity of it, nor by finding fault with any of its remote general conclusions, but by turning back upon its premises and testing the truth of its fundamental assumptions. And these assumptions are, in the language of Herbert Spencer,<sup>1</sup> that "what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but subjective affections produced by objective agencies which are unknown and unknowable" ("Psychology," vol. i, p. 206)—a sentence which contains in brief the whole of this article. If any one of the properties of matter is not such a "subjective affection," but a reality, apart from all subjective affections, idealism is overthrown, and the sensible world to this extent exists as truly when we do not experience it as when we do.

It may be well, in closing, to formally enumerate some of the implications and consequences of the idealistic theory:

I. Reality is not to be opposed to sensation, but is sensation, actual or possible. Truth means not the correspondence of sensation to some reality apart from it, but of thought to sensation.

II. Matter is not the cause of our sensations, not a metaphysical substratum behind them, but a general name for the sensations, viewed on their objective side (pleasure and pain excepted). And

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<sup>1</sup> This language may be quoted without implying that Mr. Spencer always speaks in consistency with it. Elsewhere ("Psychology," vol. ii, p. 484) he speaks of ideas as depending on pre-existent nervous plexuses and waves of molecular motion much in the manner of the ordinary uncritical realist. But what are these nervous plexuses and waves of molecular motion? Are they not material, and as such possessed of at least the essential properties of matter? And does not Mr. Spencer teach that the properties of matter are "subjective affections"? How, then, can these affections be treated as if they were independent of the subject, capable of producing effects in it?

Professor Huxley has distinctly attempted to harmonize whatever inconsistency may seem to lie in his own assertions, now of idealism and now of materialism, and idealism is always with him the ultimate truth, though not so much by contradicting as by furnishing a solvent for materialism. (See his "Hume," pp. 78, 79, and "Science and Culture," p. 280.) From Professor Huxley the present writer wishes to acknowledge that he received his first lessons in idealism, though, but for some seeming incompleteness in the teacher's mental assimilation of the theory, the pupil would not have been led to the trains of reflection that are presented, at perhaps unnecessary length, in these articles.

force, it may be added, as sciences can deal with it, is not a mystical entity behind material phenomena, but material phenomena themselves viewed in certain relations to one another. A stone as such, an arm as such, a head of water, as so much weight in such position, are forces, actual or potential; that is, they can produce (or, what is the same, be followed by) changes in the state of other objects.<sup>1</sup> If we use force in another sense, we venture into a metaphysical region with which science is not concerned.

III. Phenomena, which are sensations, are not to be classed, in philosophical strictness, as physical and mental, since all phenomena as such are mental. But we may either experience phenomena or think of them; that is, we may have sensations or thoughts, and the latter may be called, *par eminence*, mental or psychical phenomena. Noumena are the unknown causes of sensations, necessarily posited if we regard sensations as effects in us. If matter is regarded as an independent reality, it is difficult to see why the term "phenomenon" should be applied to it; and, if it is applied, what other than verbal reason there can be for supposing the existence of noumena. Matter becomes thus itself noumenal.

IV. Object is a group of sensible qualities (or sensations), and law is a statement of a constant relation obtaining between objects. Mind is not a mysterious somewhat lying back of thoughts and sensations, but simply that which thinks and feels; not a substance, but a subject. Substance is a conception liable to lead us astray in other than material connections, and, if used, should at least be carefully defined. Substance and attribute, or subject and predicate, are purely logical categories, when applied to non-sentient objects (*e. g.*, a stone is hard), though, perhaps, containing the harmless illusion that the qualities of objects have some such centre of unity as we call subject or ego in ourselves.

V. The causative instinct does not find an answer to its questionings in the sphere of sensible phenomena. Sensible phenomena are but so many effects, though so orderly in their connections that from any one we may infer, with well-nigh unlimited practical certainty, to any other. Science studies these phenomena and their connections; and, if it speaks of cause and effect, it means antecedent and consequent; if it speaks of necessary connection,

<sup>1</sup> For light on this point, the writer is indebted to Dr. William James, in the remarkable critical paper already referred to, "The Feeling of Effort."



it means no more than matter-of-fact invariability of connection. The causative instinct impels, then, to metaphysical speculation. Metaphysics, in the idealistic theory, is not concerned with the last elements of the sensible world, but with the causes of this world, its elements included. Whether metaphysics can ever become more than a problem remains undetermined; it cannot, however, become science—*i. e.*, verified speculation—in the present state of human faculties.

VI. Idealism in no wise affects any truth of science, and, for all that it asserts, pure empiricism may be the true philosophy. It simply holds that all the truths of science are truths of mental experience (actual or possible); but none of the mind's objects (which are its experiences) can explain the mind itself. They have no existence, save in their unknown causes, outside the mind, and hence assertions, as that mind is a function of the brain, are, however popularly allowable, in philosophical strictness, either tautology or illusion. The general significance of idealism is simply that mind (that is, sentient existence of some sort) is made essential to the system of sensible things. It is no longer an incident, a by-play, a result of organization, comparable to the perfume of a rose or the music of a piano, but the indispensable prerequisite of any sensible existence. The world-problem is thereby simplified. It is no longer to account for mind and matter (in the separate sense), but for mind and its experiences. Idealism is not, however, itself any solution, being only a clear statement of what the problem is; and, for all that idealism says, the problem may be insoluble.

VII. Materialism is not to be met by direct attack any more than common sense, from which it is not essentially different. It is not so much an untrue as an approximate way of thinking. Its only weakness is that it does not understand the meaning of its own terms. The doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, for example, is perfectly true. But what does it mean? To uncritical minds, it seems to assert a brute datum existing outside of us, surviving our coming and going, a kind of material deity. But, scientifically speaking, the indestructibility of matter means the unchangeability of the weight of its elements. Weight, however, means pressure, and pressure is what a sentient being feels or might feel, and has in consequence no meaning apart from such

a sentient being. The indestructibility of matter is really a statement of the constancy of certain sensations. Materialism thus needs simply to be led to reflect. It does not stand to idealism as a rival philosophy, but is simply a *naïve*, uncritical way of thinking, while idealism, if true, *is* philosophy—philosophy being (as I use it now) no more than thought cleared of obscurity and assumption.<sup>1</sup> The only charge against materialism is, that it cannot be finally stated save in terms of idealism; and hence it may itself become idealism if it will but abandon the school-boy "cocksureness"<sup>2</sup> which is too apt to characterize it, and proceed to the not always welcome task of self-examination.

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## BRADLEY'S "PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC."\*

BY S. W. DYDE.

(Continued.)

a. Bradley states (p. 10) that "judgment proper is the act which refers an ideal content (*recognized as such*) to a reality beyond the act"; again (p. 2): "Not only are we unable to judge before we use ideas, but, strictly speaking, *we cannot judge till we use them as ideas*. We must have become aware that they are not realities, that they are mere ideas, signs of an existence other than themselves"; and again (p. 40): "*The consciousness of objectivity* or necessary connection, in which the essence of judgment is sometimes taken to lie, will be found in the end to derive its meaning from a reference to the real." These three remarks all emphasize the same thought. To recognize an ideal content as such is the affirmative way of saying to be aware that it is not a reality; while again, when it is said that the consciousness of objectivity is the essence of judgment, it is meant that judgment in its essence does not consist so much in the mere relation of ideal content to

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<sup>1</sup> I do not presume to give this as a definition of philosophy.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Huxley.

\* "The Principles of Logic." By F. H. Bradley, LL. D., Glasgow, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul & Co., Paternoster Square.